

# The Lyric Opera of Kansas City presents: Great American Voices

## *Les Misérables*

*Do You Hear the People Sing?*

Claude-Michel Schönberg

Robert McNichols, Jr., Daniel Erbe, Victoria Botero, Julia Scozzafava,  
Lyric Opera Children's Chorus  
Mark, Ferrell, Pianist

*Welcome*

Dan Dagenais, Narrator

## *Carmen*

*Urchins' Chorus from Carmen*

Georges Bizet

Lyric Opera Children's Chorus

*Avec la garde montante,  
Nous arrivons, nous voilà.  
Sonne, trompette éclatante!  
Taratata, taratata!  
Nous marchons la tête haute  
Comme des petits soldats,  
Marquant sans faire de faute,  
Une, deux, marquant le pas.  
Les épaules en arrière  
Et la poitrine en dehors,  
Les bras de cette manière  
Tombant tout le long du corps.  
Avec la garde montante, etc.*

Right beside the relief guard,  
Here we come, here we are!  
Blow out, loud trumpet!  
*Taratata, taratata!*  
We march with head erect  
Like little soldiers,  
Keeping time with no mistakes-  
One, two - keeping step.  
Shoulders back  
And chest well out,  
Arms this way  
Straight down beside the body.  
Right beside the relief guard, etc.

## *The Marriage of Figaro*

*Non più andrai*

W.A. Mozart

Robert McNichols, Jr.

*Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,  
Notte e giorno d'intorno girando,  
Delle belle turbando il riposo,  
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor.  
Non più avrai questi bei pennacchini,  
Quel cappello leggiere e galante,  
Quella chioma, quell'aria brillante,  
Quel vermiglio donnesco color!  
Fra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!  
Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco,  
Schioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco,  
Collo dritto, muso franco,  
O un gran casco, o un gran turbante,  
Molto onor, poco contante.  
Ed invece del fandango  
Una marcia per il fango.  
Per montagne, per valloni,  
Con le nevi, e i sollioni,  
Al concerto di tromboni,  
Di bombarde, di cannoni,  
Che le palle in tutti i tuoni,  
All'orecchio fan fischiar.  
Cherubino, alla vittoria!  
Alla gloria militar!*

You'll no longer go, amorous butterfly,  
Fluttering around inside night and day,  
Disturbing the sleep of beauties,  
A little Narcissus and Adonis of love.  
You'll no longer wear those fine feathers,  
That light and jaunty hat,  
That hair, that shining aspect,  
That womanly blush!  
Among soldiers, by Bacchus!  
A huge moustache, a little knapsack,  
Gun on your back, sword at your side,  
Your neck straight, your nose exposed,  
A big helmet, or a big turban,  
A lot of honor, very little pay.  
And instead of dancing  
A march through the mud.  
Over mountains, through valleys,  
With snow and heat-stroke,  
To the music of trumpets,  
Of bombards, and of cannons,  
Which, at every boom,  
Will make bullets whistle past your ear.  
Cherubino, go to victory!  
To military glory!

## *The Daughter of the Regiment*

*Chacun le sait, chacun le dit*

Gaetano Donizetti

Victoria Botero

*Chacun le sait, chacun le dit,  
Le régiment par excellence.  
Le seul à qui l'on fass' crédit  
Dans tous les cabarets de France....  
Le régiment, en tout pays,  
L'effroi des amants des maris.....  
Mais de la beauté bien suprême!  
Il est là, il est là, il est là, morbleu!  
Le voilà, le voilà, le voilà, corbleu!  
Il est là, il est là, le voilà,  
Le beau Vingt-et-unième!*

*Il a gagné tant de combats,  
Que notre empereur, on le pense,  
Fera chacun des soldats,  
À la paix, maréchal de France!  
Car, c'est connu le régiment  
Le plus vainqueur, le plus charmant,  
Qu'un sexe craint, et que l'autre aime.  
Il est là, il est là, il est là, morbleu!  
Le voilà, le voilà, le voilà, corbleu!  
Il est là, il est là, le voilà,  
Le beau Vingt-et-unième!*

Every knows it, everyone says it,  
The regiment above all.  
The only one to whom credit is given  
In all the cabarets of France.  
The regiment in all the land,  
The terror in love and in war,  
But of beauty most supreme!  
There it is, by the devil!  
There they are, by Jove!  
There it is, there they are,  
The handsome Twenty-first!

It has won so many battles,  
That our emperor, one would think,  
Will make everyone of our soldiers,  
Marshall in peace-time!  
For it's known, the regiment,  
The most victorious, the most charming,  
That one sex fears, and the other loves!  
There it is, by the devil!  
There they are, by Jove!  
There it is, there they are,  
The handsome Twenty-first!

## *Don Carlos*

*Dio che nell'alma infondere*

Giuseppe Verdi

Daniel Erbe & Robert McNichols, Jr.

**RODRIGO:**

*Ascolta!  
Le Porte dell'asil s'apron già:  
Qui verranno Filippo e la Regina.*

**CARLO:**

*Elisabetta!*

**RODRIGO:**

*Rinfranca accanto a me lo spirto che vacilla,  
Serena ancora, la stella tua nei cieli brilla!  
Domanda al ciel dei forti la virtù!*

**CARLO and RODRIGO:**

*Dio, che nell'alma infondere  
Amor volesti e speme,  
Desio nel cor accendere  
Tu dêi di libertà;  
Desio accendere, accender nel cor  
Tu dêi di libertà.  
Giuriamo insiem di vivere  
E di morire insieme.*

**RODRIGO:**

*In terra, in ciel*

**RODRIGO:**

Hark!  
The doors of the sanctuary are opening;  
Philip and the Queen will soon arrive.

**CARLO:**

*Elisabetta!*

**RODRIGO:**

Beside me, strengthen your wavering spirit,  
Once more your star will shine serenely in the sky!  
Pray Heaven for the valor of the strong!

**CARLOS and RODRIGO:**

Oh God, who wished to instill  
Love and hope in our souls,  
Thou must kindle within our hearts  
A desire for liberty;  
Thou must kindle a desire  
For liberty in our hearts.

We swear to live  
And die together

**RODRIGO:**

On earth, in Heaven

**BOTH:**

*Congiungere ci può,  
Ci può la tua bontà.  
Ah! Dio che nell'alma, ecc.*

**RODRIGO:**

*Vengon già.*

**CARLO:**

*Oh terror!  
Al sol vederla io tremo!*

**RODRIGO:**

*Coraggio!*

**BOTH:**

*Vivremo insieme,  
E morremo insieme!  
Sarà l'estremo anelito,  
Sarà un grido: Libertà!  
Grido estremo sarà: Libertà!*

**BOTH:**

*Thy goodness  
Can unite us.  
Oh God, who wished, etc.*

**RODRIGO:**

*They are coming now.*

**CARLO:**

*Oh, terror!  
I tremble at the mere sight of her!*

**RODRIGO:**

*Courage!*

**BOTH:**

*I stand with you,  
Until death do us part,  
Throughout our life to fight for right,  
Till men can shout with joyous glee:  
We are free!*

### *Così fan tutte*

*Soave sia il vento(May breezes blow lightly)*

W.A. Mozart

Robert McNichols, Jr., Victoria Botero, and Julia Scozzafava

*May breezes blow lightly,  
May fair winds betide you,  
May stars shimmer brightly,  
And faithfully guide you,  
Beloved so dear.*

*May fortune direct you  
And journey beside you,  
Watch over, protect you,  
Benign and responsive.  
To love so sincere.*

### *A Letter from Sullivan Ballou*

John Kander

Julia Scozzafava

My very dear Sarah:

The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days-- perhaps tomorrow. Lest I should not be able to write again, I feel impelled to write a few lines that may fall upon your eye when I am no more.

I have no misgivings about or lack of confidence in the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter. I know how strongly American civilization now leans on the triumph of the government and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the revolution. And I am willing, perfectly willing to lay down all my joys in this life to help maintain this government and to pay that debt....

Sarah, my love for you is deathless. It seems to bind me with mighty cables that nothing but omnipotence could break; and yet my love of country comes over me like a strong wind and bears me unresistably on with all these chains to the battlefield.

The mem'ries of the blissful moments I have spent with you come creeping over me, and I feel most gratified to God and to you that I have enjoyed them so long. And hard it is for me to give them up and burn to ashes the hopes of future years when, God willing, we might still have lived and loved together and seen our sons grown up to honorable manhood around us.

I have, I know, but a few claims upon divine providence but something whispers to me, perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar, that I shall return to my loved ones unharmed. If I do not, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I love you, and when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name. Forgive my faults and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless and foolish I have often times been! How gladly would I wash out with my tears ev'ry little spot upon your happiness.....

But, oh, Sarah! If the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in the gladdest days and in the darkest nights, always, always. And if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath, as the cool air fans your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by.

Sarah, do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again....

## ***South Pacific***

*Honey Bun*  
*Some Enchanted Evening*

Richard Rodgers

## ***Les Misérables***

*Bring Him Home*

Claude-Michel Schönberg

Daniel Erbe

## ***Finale***

Fort Leavenworth Community Chorus, Lyric Opera Soloists and Children's Chorus

### ***America***

#### **Soloist: Kelsey Brown**

1. My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From ev'ry mountainside  
Let freedom ring.

### **Samuel Francis Smith**

#### **Lyric Opera Children's Chorus:**

2. My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

#### **AUDIENCE :**

3. Our fathers' God to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King. Amen.

### ***Battle Hymn of the Republic***

**Arranged by Peter J. Wilhousky**

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:  
His truth is marching on.  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on!

2. I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damp;  
I can read His righteous sentence in the dim and flaring lamps,  
His day is marching on!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on.

3. In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:  
As He died to make men holy, Let us live to make men free,  
While God is marching on.

#### **AUDIENCE:**

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on!  
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on!  
Amen! Amen!

Great American Voices is presented by  
**The National Endowment for the Arts**  
in cooperation with **Opera America.**

Great American Voices is made possible by **The Boeing Company.**

The Lyric Opera of Kansas City wishes to thank the above named organizations,  
the staff of Fort Leavenworth, Tammy Polczynski, The Fort Leavenworth Community Chorus,  
Rick Goetz, Keith Brumley, Mary Traylor, and the parents and children of the  
Lyric Opera Children's Chorus.

**Members of the Fort Leavenworth Community Chorus:**  
Rebecca Capps, Gary Colston, Shaun Coker, Laura Heape, Hannah Lee,  
Linda Magee, Judi Price, David Still, Melissa Stiller

**Members of the Lyric Opera Children's Chorus:**  
Caroline Adams, Alex Bigus, Kelsey Brown, Bretta Cline, Mason Cline, Emily Denison,  
Elizabeth Ernst, Chloe M. Fey, Kirstin Garrison, Gale Harrington, Mallory Harrington,  
Cameron Hutsell, Haley Kane, Annie Keel, Emma King, Sonia Larbi,  
Sophia Mauro, Anna Moritz, Cecelia Peak, Alex Petersen,  
Nikolas Quasebarth, Natalie Spears, Lori Weigel

Julie Maykowski, Stage Director  
Paula Winans, Music Director